THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION Magazine.

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Original Papers.

"THE LABOURERS ARE FEW."

To those acquainted with the nature of Ragged School operations, the mere mention of a new school having been opened in any given locality, will at once suggest to their minds a number of practical difficulties, against which the local parties will have to contend. They will understand that a new field of labour has been opened up, involving new exertions, responsibilities, and toils, and where nothing but active and persevering *labour* will secure even a moderate measure of success; and, also, if the effort be a prosperous one, a few individuals must "bear the burden and heat of the day," and that probably the zeal of those who were most enthusiastic at the outset will be the first to cool. It is easy to speak of the number of schools that are already in operation, and the number of pounds contributed for their support; but it is more difficult to estimate the amount of anxiety and personal exertion—often put forth by those who can least afford it—and which is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the undertaking. However great the obstacles may have been to the erection, or fitting up, of suitable school rooms in destitute localities, yet they are far from being the main difficulties in connection with the work. Schools may be opened—desks, forms, and books may be provided—and hundreds of ragged wanderers may throng the benches; but unless an adequate number of qualified teachers are there to instruct them, the preliminary arrangements will avail but little. We may provide hospitals for the sick and the afflicted, with beds, medicines, and all necessary appliances, but without the aid of the skilful practitioner the wretched sufferers may die of their maladies. Ragged Schools are not merely hospitals for the morally afflicted, but they are nurseries for the church of God, into which he invites the pious and the merciful, to rear up a seed to serve him,

even from among the outcasts of the earth. We have said, they are nurseries for the church; but, alas! she has scarcely supplied labourers sufficient to break up the fallow ground, far less to sow the seed. We have occasionally heard it said, "I have been seeking fruit in the Ragged Schools, and found none;" but how many, we ask, have been sent out to sow? From almost every Ragged School in London another complaint, loud and long, has gone forth, and but few have responded to its echoes—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *Send more labourers into the harvest.*" Those who have uttered this complaint have been the burden-bearers, who, in some instances, have been almost left alone in the midst of overwhelming labour. In the ribald jokes of the ragged urchins, or the forcible and frequent excuse for misconduct—"We've got no teacher"—they have read the sad and mournful declaration, "No man careth for our souls."

It has often grieved us to think of the little sympathy manifested for our work by the Christian churches, *as such*, in the metropolis. We have applied to them for pecuniary aid, but, with few exceptions, the reply has been, "We make so many collections already, that we cannot think of increasing them." Often and earnestly have we sought additional teachers, but the answer has generally been, "We have too much to do with ourselves." Thus it is that the Ragged Schools, from the neutral position which they occupy, are thrown upon the world as another species of outcasts, to find teachers and funds where they may. Funds we *can* obtain for their support, although they should be collected, as they often are, in pence and farthings; but money cannot purchase the teachers we require. Secular instruction may be, and *is* imparted by a paid agency, but that is only *one* department of our work. No such agency can ever be obtained, capable of evangelizing the victims of depravity and ignorance, included in our operations. It was under this conviction the work was first undertaken, and five years' experience has greatly strengthened it. No class of "middle-men" can ever do the work which God has assigned for *a purely benevolent and Christian agency*. We may send Bibles by thousands into the abodes of the poor and ignorant; but it is the "*living epistle*, known and read of all men," they are best able to understand. It is by the voluntary efforts of religious teachers, that the withered natures of neglected and outcast children can be softened and elevated; and until we can summon them in sufficient numbers, our schools will remain ineffective.

There is scarcely a Ragged School in London for which an additional supply of teachers is not required for the Sabbath afternoons and evenings. We have one thousand already at work, "but what are they among so many?" From twelve to fourteen thousand children are assembled in the schools every Sabbath evening during winter, and they cannot be properly instructed with fewer than two thousand male and female teachers—just twice the number we have at present. We have therefore to publish the sad and painful fact—and we wish it to be known by every Christian man and woman in the metropolis—that to render the Sabbath Ragged Schools efficient,

the services of one thousand zealous and devoted teachers, in addition to those now at work, will be required during the approaching winter. There are in connection with the Christian congregations in London, nearly sixty thousand communicants—a small number certainly, out of a population of nearly two millions and a half—and surely we do not make too large a demand when we ask another thousand to devote two Sabbath hours each week, for the reclamation of the juvenile heathen in their own neighbourhoods. Of many of those who are already engaged in this work, we cannot speak too highly. The self-denial that many of them have exercised, and the benefits they have conferred upon society, are neither known nor appreciated —"their praise is not of man, but of God." Would that we could prevail upon many who are "standing all the day idle," to follow their example!

Reader, can you not assist us? Look over the list of ninety-five schools which we published in the last number of this Magazine, and see whether you have any friends living within reach of some of those wretched districts, whom you could enlist in the service. There are two schools in Drury Lane, for instance, where another *ten* teachers could be usefully employed; and for the want of whom many children are turned into the streets, although growing up in a state of savage ignorance. There are four schools in Spitalfields, where twenty additional teachers would find abundant labour; and in King Edward Street, Mile End, and Golden Lane, St. Luke's, another ten to each school would not be too many. To these you will find parallels in every part of London.

But what are you doing yourself? Can *you* not become a teacher? Perhaps you have assisted the schools with money; can you not help them with that which money cannot purchase—your sympathies, prayers, and *personal energies?* It was not those who merely cast their gold into the treasury who were designated "the salt of the earth," but those who exerted upon the world's lost ones a holy and elevating influence. As then, so is it now; gold and silver are needful to furnish the framework, but it is only by the action of mind upon mind, and heart upon heart, that rough and wayward natures can be softened and subdued. These are the means by which the foundations of society are to be strengthened, that are now weak and crumbling, by the isolation of man from man. The great lever by which the fallen masses of our people are to be elevated, is not composed of rules and systems, but of *Christian sympathy.* Through the establishment of Ragged Schools, we have sought out and opened a new channel, by which it can be circulated, and made to operate upon a class of beings who were once strangers to its power.

The channel is wide, and the objects are as numerous as they are needful; but that which is lacking is the moving, quickening element. Not a mere sentimental sympathy, which has neither sinew nor nerve for such a work; but that vigorous sympathy which the Gospel begets, and which the Spirit of God can alone perpetuate. We know the work is difficult, but it is also *great;* and the more you realise its true greatness, the less will its difficulties be felt. If you know your

own heart, you will find the elements of all obstacles there—for the heart of the most depraved outcast is a human heart after all, and the blackest heart among them is capable of being purified. We believe that neither wealth, position, nor difficulties, will be sufficient to exonerate those who have time and strength, from the imperative duty of exercising their personal energies on behalf of the poor, and extending to them that Christian sympathy, the absence of which has done much to make them what they are.

LIFE OF A VAGRANT.*

VAGRANCY, with its attendant evils, has now become a subject so formidable and complex, that everything which tends to elucidate its character, or throw additional light upon the lives of "the lawless and disobedient," must prove interesting to all who have the welfare of their country at heart. Fiction has been the principal medium through which the lives of those who live by lawless adventure have hitherto been exhibited; and where facts have failed to give sufficient interest to the imaginary narrative, fancy has not been slow in supplying it. The votaries of romance may now afford to dispense for a time with their favourite volumes, as they will find in the little work before us a narrative, not only "founded on fact," but full of stern realities; and although told in simple and unpretending language, outweighing all the romances that have ever been written. We do not know if there be one of our readers who, after having commenced a perusal of this book, could willingly lay it down before he has finished it; and we do not envy the heart of that man who could peruse it without mingled feelings of gratitude and pity. The writer has not required to draw upon his imagination, for his own experience has supplied him with sufficient materials. At every page you feel that he not only "testifies that which he has seen," but truthfully relates what he has felt and endured. Those who, like ourselves, are deeply concerned for the fate of the outcast, and are striving to rescue our suffering country from the withering effects of idleness, beggary, pauperism, and crime, will find in this sketch instruction and encouragement. They will see once more how true it is, that the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ is the great panacea for the world's miseries.

For nine long years this vagrant had been in "deaths oft," a homeless and friendless wanderer on the face of earth; but neither cruelty nor kindness, hunger nor disease, prisons nor police, could ever bring about a change of character, such as the Gospel produced when he was immured in Beverley Jail. Ragged School teachers may learn from it the true secret of their strength; that "the blackest heart that beats in human bosom may be made pure;" and that neither the force of habit nor the depths of inherent depravity, can successfully withstand the power of that Gospel, which it is their privilege and duty to apply. The subject of the narrative was the son of pious parents, once in comfortable circumstances, but who were afterwards reduced to poverty, and ultimately became the inmates of a workhouse. Although, when a boy, he stammered in his speech, and seemed to his father and others to have all the appearance of an idiot, yet, through the aid of a pious mother, and early attendance at school, he acquired the elements of a religious education. The seeds of Divine truth were then sown in his heart, which a long life of vagrancy and pollution had

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* Life of a Vagrant. London: Charles Gilpin.

failed to destroy, and which were yet to "bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Prior to entering the workhouse, in company with other wicked boys he attended fairs, races, plays, and other low places of amusement, where he doubtless received lessons in immorality, which had much to do with his future career in profligacy and sin. He repeatedly ran away from the workhouse, and set out on short excursions to the country, returning only when forced by hunger and hardships. This continued for some time, until at last he bade farewell to his only home, and went forth as a common vagrant, seemingly without a definite object or aim. He wanders from town to town, city to city, and village to village. At one time we find him at Land's End, at another time at John O'Groats, and on one occasion he "crosses over" into Wales—sleeping in prisons, lodging-houses, barns, sheds, stables, and sometimes in the open air.

In England, mayors, magistrates, churchwardens, constables, police, prisons, and workhouses, intercept his wanderings at every step. But in these there is nothing to melt or move him, or stir up any vestige of self-respect, that may yet be latent in his heart. He would have found more elevating sympathy and kindness during one evening in a Ragged School, than from all the legal functionaries he seems to have met with. If he received any individual acts of kindness, they were speedily neutralized by the stern rebuff of the "relieving officer," or the frowns and threatenings of a country constable. At last he "crosses the border," and travels onward to the northern districts of Scotland, where the kind hospitality of the peasantry seems so far to have influenced him, that he is induced to enter into the employ of a farmer, with whom he remained for several months. The following incident closes the vagrant's interesting account of his northern wanderings:—

"I came into a wood, and after straying some time, approached a noble mansion. As I passed by the stables, a female servant came out of the laundry, and asked where I was going. I told her I was going to the kitchen. She said it was time for me to seek lodgings. It being eight o'clock, I told her I had not seen a farm-house since I crossed the ferry. She took me to the kitchen, and brought me some supper. The family was not at home. She then made up a bed for me in the laundry, and washed the clothes in my bundle. Seeing my feet bruised and bleeding with clambering over the rocks, she bathed them in warm water, put a plaister on the wounds, and left me in the laundry for the night. The next morning she gave me a good breakfast, and while I ate it ironed my things, and gave me more plaister for my feet. I then took my leave, and travelled through various towns to Dumfries. I had considerable difficulty in getting lodgings, and was not allowed to stay for a night at several places where I wished to stop at. Having a desire to see my father, I determined on going to London. From Dumfries I went on to Annan, and then through Longholm (where I attended chapel) to Jedburgh. I next came to Wooler, on the borders of Northumberland; thus leaving Scotland, not without grateful recollections of its hospitality."

Shortly after this we find him in Wales. The following incident has many parallels in his eventful life:—

"Hearing there was a new way to Hirwann across the mountains, I set out to go there. Passing by a number of farm-houses, I came to the foot of the mountains. The sun was set, and the shades of night were fast gathering around. My way lay across the desolate and lonely mountain, having no one for my guide or companion. For awhile I followed a cart-track, but after I got fairly on the mountain I could no longer trace my path. I was completely bewildered, but determined to keep on one direction. Finding I was greatly impeded by my old shoes, I threw them away, and travelled barefoot, making my way through briars, heather, water, and everything else that lay in my way. The lines of the poet came to my recollection—

'Here forlorn and lost
I tread my lonely way,
And wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I stray.'

After wandering some time on the mountain, I saw at a great distance a redness in the sky; believing it to be the reflection of iron-works, I went in that direction. In a short time I saw on my left what appeared to be a number of coke fires burning; supposing them to be near the mouth of some coal-pit, I tried to make my way down to them to inquire the road, as it was now quite dark. Finding the ground was more steep, I trod cautiously. At length it got so very precipitous that I was forced to go on my hands and my feet, like going down a ladder. Imagining I should soon reach the bottom, I continued getting down until I could no further hold on my feet. The stones and earth I had caused to roll down seeming to fall at a great depth beneath, in a great body of water. I was now in a rather perilous position, suspended by my two hands over a dreadful precipice. My coat being old and tender, and the pockets full of bread and meat, one side of the tail gave way, and was dangling against my heels. A single false step would have plunged me into the water below, and my soul into eternity, but blessed be God in sparing me to repentance."

Passing over a variety of circumstances in his lawless career, we at last find him taken up once more as a vagrant, and lodged in Beverley Jail. Here occurs the turning point in his history. He enters the prison a hardened and guilty profligate—he comes out a new man, rejoicing in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. But again we must allow him to tell his own tale:—

"The name of Beverley awakens in my mind lively sensations of thankfulness and joy. After the day's work was over, and supper ended, the inmates of the prison were locked up in separate cells, from six o'clock in the evening until six o'clock in the morning. At that time of the year, the days being long, there was for an hour or two sufficient light to read by after we were shut up for the night. A Testament lay at the head of my bed. I opened and read. The passage to which my attention was directed contained these solemn words of Jesus Christ: 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' These words were applied to my mind with great power. I thought, if a man should gain the *world*, and then after death be sent to endless woe, how foolish am I to risk my eternal happiness for *trifles*. I have found the way of transgression hard in this life, how shall I endure the everlasting burnings? O what a wicked life have I led! At this moment the sins of my past life came into my mind. My unkindness to good parents—my frequent acts of uncleanness—the lies I had told—the mercies of God I had abused—and the good resolutions I had made and broken. The burden of my guilt now felt intolerable. The terrors of the law made me afraid. I gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. After some time sleep came to my agitated heart. My imprisonment gave me no concern. The salvation of my soul was the subject that filled my thoughts. I began to cry to God for mercy, and felt myself to be a poor miserable sinner. After a few days, a passage that I learnt at Flint Street School gave me great encouragement. 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' This seemed just applicable to my case. I saw my own character described, as a poor, silly, wandering sheep, straying far from God, holiness, happiness, and peace, in my own way of folly, sin, and misery. Looking at the work of Jesus in bearing the load of my sins, I seemed to have a new view of Christ crucified. Did he die for me? Yes; I am the very character he came to save. I am a sinner—a great sinner; but Jesus died for me. Ought I not to stay till I have mended my life, and then come to Christ? O no! my soul; no more delays; I will go to Jesus just as I am. While confined in my cell, I poured out my soul to Jesus. I felt a sweet and happy liberty, as if Jesus had said to me, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' My darkness was turned to

light; my sorrow to joy. I now looked upon Christ with new eyes, as the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely; and while I thought on his agonies, and sufferings, and death, my tears would again flow, to think that my sins had helped thus to serve the Prince of peace.

"As the Saviour grew every day more precious and lovely to my soul, so sin grew every day more odious, and holiness of heart more and more to be desired. But when I thought of the high standard of piety, holiness, and usefulness, to which believers in Christ are taught in the Holy Scriptures to aspire, my soul trembled at the thoughts of my own weakness and insufficiency to do any good. A poor, despised, wandering beggar, whose mind has been long enslaved with lusts and sin; whose life has been useless, and a burden on society: while confined here I am not exposed to temptation. Food, good clothes, and a bed are here found me, without any care or concern of my own—only to conform to the rules of the prison; while the strict silence enjoined among the prisoners keep me from hearing anything sinful. I could wish to abide here for ever, out of the way of temptation, care, and strife; but the time will soon come when I shall again be tossed on the billows. During the whole of the month I was there the turnkeys found no fault with me; and, as the time drew near that I should be discharged, I was sore afraid lest my religion should not stand the test of trials, but in the hour of temptation fall away. I had also some fears how I should subsist, as I had in my heart renounced all sin, (the sin of lying among the rest,) and as I had not been brought up to any trade, nor accustomed to any kind of labour, and my strength undermined by my evil habits, I saw no remedy but that I must again beg my bread, until God in his providence should be pleased to open a way for me to obtain the necessaries of life by honest industry. I said to myself, If I tell the truth I shall not be likely to excite compassion; I shall neither obtain food nor lodgings; but I am determined, in God's grace, should I be ever so pinched with hunger, not to obtain relief by lying, which is a sin against Heaven. But why should I harbour these fears and cares? Dost thou not know, Josiah, that when thou art living in the fear of God, thou art an object of his special care? All creatures wait upon God, and he giveth them their food in due season. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of your heavenly Father. 'Tis God who gives the wise men their wisdom, the strong men their strength, and rich men their riches. The same infinite wisdom and power that called into existence, and still upholds the universe, is there to defend thee, and provide for thy daily bread. When thou wert living in sin, God supplied thy needs, and will he not supply them when thou livest in his fear? The hearts of all men are in the hands of God. He can dispose them to administer to thy wants."

Those of our readers who have known the Gospel in its awakening and saving power upon their own hearts, will be able fully to understand the nature of the conflicting emotions here recorded by the rescued wanderer. He now resolves to return once more to London. His father and mother, brother and sister, are all dead, and he is friendless. His feelings on his arrival are thus described:—

"I came to London, and found myself once more in the place where I was born, without a friend or home; the companions of my childhood were grown out of knowledge. While I walked along, I drew up in my mind a summary of the evil and the good connected with my circumstances. Here I am, a poor, friendless, penniless outcast. All that were near and dear to me on earth are taken away from me by death. I have no friend to give me help, counsel, or comfort. I am obliged to beg from door to door, exposed to the frowns and sneers of the thoughtless and cruel, and obliged to dwell among them who neither fear nor love God, and often blaspheme his holy name. I have no Christian friend to whom I can unfold the secrets of my breast. I have no connection with the people of God. I am a poor, weak, feeble creature, exposed to many temptations. I have not a foot of land to call my own, nor any certain dwelling-place. I am tossed about upon the billows of uncertainty, not knowing when I eat one meal where the next is to come from. The clothes on my back are all in rags, and my shoes nearly off my feet. Such is the dark side."

The want of space compels us to refer our readers for the "bright side" of the picture to the interesting narrative itself. We can only add, that the faith which he learned to exercise in the providence of God has not been in vain. Poverty, and trials not a few, have been his lot; but still, "bread has been given him, and his water has been sure." For the last nine years he has been a consistent member of a Christian church, and during several of those years *a teacher in a Ragged School*. He assisted at the opening of one of the oldest Ragged Schools in the Borough, and commenced by teaching the alphabet class. Not being acquainted with any particular branch of industry, he has been obliged to earn a precarious subsistence by casual labour. The volume before us has been edited (not written) by his pastor, and, through the kindness of Messrs. Borwick and Priestley, who have printed it gratis, the entire profits of the work will go to the benefit of its humble author. The editor says, "Truthful, industrious, frugal, kind, and devout, he merits every encouragement. I can vouch for the correctness and fidelity of his narration. It is thoroughly genuine. *** Two gentlemen have kindly consented to act as trustees on his behalf, and my hope is, that from the sale of the book, a fund will be raised of sufficient amount to enable him to devote his time to the work of a Scripture reader." We only add, that those who can give two shillings instead of one for this most interesting volume, will find themselves amply repaid, besides rendering important assistance to a remarkable and deserving man.

THE CHEAP THEATRES.

THAT love of amusement, so characteristic of childhood and youth, and which, under wise direction, can be made so effective an agent in the moral and intellectual culture of the individual, is perverted by the many disadvantages which surround the daily life of the children of the poorer classes, into one of the greatest causes of juvenile depravity and crime. For neglect and ignorance, so far from lessening this tendency in children, only lend additional force to it in many shapes; and the intensity it assumes, when fed by the vicious tutorship of the cheap theatres and dancing-saloons, can scarcely be conceived by those conversant alone with amusement under its humanizing aspects. I look upon the cheap theatres of London and the large towns as an enormous blot upon the boasted civilization of our age; and this not so much in the fact of their being suffered to exist, as hotbeds of lust and crime, as that we should possess any class of population, capable of either believing or relishing the improbable monstrosities enacted for their gratification. But it is a law of nature, that like holds to its like; and the strong dramatic tendency of the popular taste will be perverted into a criminal instrument, so long as we leave generation after generation of the people in the condition of the beasts which perish.

"As to depravity," says the Rev. Mr. Clay, speaking of the population of North Lancashire, in his Report for 1842, "apart from intoxication and poverty, I have before adverted to the baneful influence of *concert-rooms* and *low theatres*, with their vicious representations; and I have again to adduce an example of the ruinous consequences of resort to such places. A young man, sentenced to transportation for robbing his master, put into my hands a manuscript, of which the following is the substance: 'I am twenty years old; my mother has been dead three years, my father four. I went to the church school. I went regularly to church whilst my parents lived, but gave over going when they died. I was with Mr. B——, watchmaker, two years, and afterwards with

Mr. L—— four years. I was never fond of drink, *but I got into company that attended singing-rooms, concerts, and plays.* I went to these places three or four times a week. About the last Whit Monday but one I took the first watch, and *bonded* it for one-third of its value. As to going to concert-rooms, when any one went in, the persons engaged to sing there would come and ask if he was going to pay for a glass, and he would sit down and talk about what good singing there was, etc. At such places there was singing, and dancing, and acting, and all sorts of performances. I have often tried to give over going to such places, but there has always been some one or other to ask me if I was not going to the concert. At the same time I was never fond of drink; but the singing and dancing enticed me to go; and I can say with safety those places have been my ruin, as I have no doubt they have been the ruin of many a one; and I think it would be a good thing if they were stopped. I have seen *five or six hundred* at the ————; they were mostly young people—factory people and lawyers' clerks, and all sorts of people. *There are twelve persons in the prison now that I have seen there.* I very often went to the play. Jack Sheppard had a very bad effect on my mind. I took seventeen watches altogether; never more than one at a time. I generally pawned them for one-third their value, and spent the money at the play-house and concert-rooms.' Another youth, aged seventeen, says, 'I have only been three times to the theatre in ————, (a low place.) The second play I saw at the theatre was Jack Sheppard. *I thought Sheppard a fine sharp fellow.* The first place we broke in was ———— (Here follow the details of seven cases of shop and warehouse-breaking.) H—— often compared us to Jack Sheppard and his comrades. He said we had almost gone through as much as Jack Sheppard.' This delinquent had good parents and a comfortable home, but this vile haunt ruined him. Another boy says, '*I saw Jack Sheppard played twice. It excited in my mind a desire to imitate him. The play made a great impression on my mind. A few weeks after I saw the play I committed the first robbery. I am quite convinced that if I had never seen the play I should never have got into this trouble. The play did me far more harm than the book about him. We did these robberies for the name of the thing.*'"

Almost every newspaper and prison report furnishes instances like these; and the incredible hardships children will undergo in procuring means for frequenting the saloons and cheap theatres, only show the extent of the evil. Nor are the dramas prepared for the gratification of this taste, solely active in the wholesale demoralization which goes forward in these infamous places; there is also the enormous evil which comes of children of both sexes associating together, without control or restraint of any kind over the lawless passions, whose gratification circumstances have taught them to consider as the end and aim of life.

Beyond mere inspection, Government, I fancy, can do little of a direct kind to remedy this evil. Mere suppression would serve no other purpose than that of causing this class of theatres and saloons to spring up like fungi in still darker places, and by possibly giving to their entertainments a still more objectionable shape; for where a popular taste exists, however brutalized it may be, agents will always exist to profit by it as by a speculation. Collateral means will, however, effect what direct suppression would not; and the Beer Act of the last session will, when brought into operation, by licensing only a more respectable class of beer-sellers, make it more difficult than it has hitherto been to open penny theatres in connection with the public-house. This will be found one of the most effectual services this bill can render. Another agent in this needed work of reformation would be found in the establishment of model lodging-houses, in the various parishes of large towns, for that class of children, such as errand-lads, unindentured apprentices, hawkers, juvenile labourers of all sorts, who, under supervision, and brought in connection with some degree of decency and cleanliness, and protection from vicious companionship, would cease to add so largely as they at present do to our criminal returns.

But the great and specific remedy will be found alone in education; this alone can disassociate pleasure from its present association with the tavern, the beer-shop, the gin-palace, and the skittle-ground. To this end we must look, and rest confident that a higher class of instructive amusements will arise, and be forced to be, not as now in too many forms destroyers of the people, but educators towards the wisest patriotism and the purest virtues.

SILVERPEN.

LIVERPOOL RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

WE have just received the third Annual Report of this "companion in labour," and from which we extract the following particulars.—There are now twenty-six schools in connection with the Society, eight of which have been established during the past year. Two are Industrial Schools, where the children receive food, and are trained to habits of industry. The Union has made grants of money to nine schools during the year, amounting in all to £90; but the total income has only been *sixty-three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence!*

If the Committee of this Society wish to make it worthy of its name, they must take active measures to arouse the wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool to a deeper sense of its necessity and claims. A handful of working men in London have raised far more for the support of a local Ragged School in one year, than has been raised for this central Society. There are only sixty-three contributors on the whole list, and only one of these to the amount of five pounds. While we thus speak of the necessity of increased activity, we are not insensible to the amount of good already accomplished. They have done their work wisely and well, and on this account we are anxious to see them do more. What they do should be "done quickly." Now that the tide of popular sentiment is so keenly alive to such efforts—now that they can head a subscription list with Jenny Lind's munificent donation of £100 to their Industrial School—now that particular attention is being turned to the condition of Liverpool, through the experiment proposed by their excellent stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Rushton—and now that a mass of beggary, vagrancy, crime, and pollution, has accumulated to such an extent that we can scarcely find its parallel in any other town in the kingdom—we think the friends of Ragged Schools in Liverpool will be much to blame if they do not make a special effort, and *try* to show an income on their balance sheet of next year of at least £2,000.

The following remarks, bearing reference to some of the schools already established, will be read with interest. We give their names and addresses, so that our London friends, when in Liverpool, may be enabled to visit them:—

Gay-street School, 9, *Gay-street.*—This School is in the centre of a very bad neighbourhood, and if teachers could be found to undertake its management, it might be opened several evenings of the week, and be productive of much good.

Naylor-street, in connection with St. Bartholomew's Church.—It is estimated that in the district in which this School is situated there are 1,200 children who go to no school.

Campbell-street Sunday and Evening School, Campbell-street.—The Superintendent of this School says, that in the winter months the number of children is much greater than is here returned, and that he is compelled to refuse many on account of a want of teachers.

Cornwallis-street Ragged School, formerly York-street Ragged School, Cornwallis-street.—The Scripture Reader attached to this School is found to be of great use in visiting the parents and the children; he leaves and exchanges tracts with the parents, and often speaks a word to those who would be otherwise neglected.

Industrial Ragged School, 68, Soho-street.—Arrangements are being made for admitting girls. The Visitor, in making his report to this Union, says, "This School progresses admirably. The boys are very intelligent, and have a good knowledge of the Bible, and the way of salvation through Christ alone."

St. Saviour's Free School, Holden-street, Windsor.—W. Warr says, "The great want of this School is additional teachers."

Bedford-street Ragged and Industrial School.—This School was recently opened during the day as an Industrial Ragged School, under the teaching of a working man. Food is given to the children every day. It has therefore assumed an important position.

Toxteth Hall Ragged School, Mill-street.—About 104 of the children have been taught to read since their admission.

Old Swan Ragged School, Mill-lane, Old Swan.—A paid teacher and Scripture Reader is now engaged, at a salary of £60, in connection with this School. He is to devote his whole time between the School and the district. Arrangements are being made for his opening an Evening School, in addition to the Ragged School, for those children in circumstances to pay for education. As soon as this is done, all children who can afford to pay will then be rigidly excluded from the Ragged School.

Windsor Ragged School, Barton-street.—The following very pleasing return is made in reference to this School: "A regular system of visiting has been adopted, by which the Superintendent is enabled to ascertain whether those boys who apply for admission are suitable objects for a School of this description, by which means none else gain admission."

Hodson-street Ragged School, Hodson-street, Great Crosshall-street.—The Visitor of this School reports, "I am much impressed with the regularity of the attendance of the teachers, and their zealous self-dedication to their work, more especially as they chiefly belong to a class whose time is their only capital. This School has been opened seven months, and the improvement in the general appearance of the children, their order, and ready obedience, is very observable."

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

THE great question of National Education is adjourned *sine die*. Our statesmen do not care to embarrass themselves with it. It is too difficult for their strength, too complicated for their perseverance, and too dangerous to their power for their courage to attempt—and so they let it alone. And while this unhappy result is to be deplored, it is not to be wondered at. Where can we expect a leader of parties in the House of Commons, who, by placing the education of the people in the hands of the Established Church, will run the risk of letting loose against him and his adherents, not only the angry tongues of Dissent, but the damaging votes of the multitudinous Dissenters? Even the Dissenters cannot expect a statesman to ignore, in such a question, the claims of the Church of England, and take cognizance of them alone. Statesmanship between the two falls disheartened to the ground; and if any one aspiring to the name of a legislator attempts the compromise of secular education, the belligerents cease their strife for awhile to run foul of him, and to belabour him with the charges of atheism and infidelity. In short, public men, although they cannot but see that a mighty evil is in existence, and that it is increasing day by day amongst us, cannot touch the question. The present state of men's minds forbids a remedy as gigantic as the evil, and will tolerate no other attempts to cope with it than isolated and partial ones.

The friends of the cause cannot but rejoice, therefore, when any new movement is made, however partial or local it may be, which has a tendency to diminish the awful ignorance in which the children of the poor are allowed to grow up in this country. Among recent attempts of this kind, the most remarkable, and the most promising of future good, is that

which we owe to the energy and philanthropy of the gentleman who holds the office of stipendiary magistrate in Liverpool. Mr. Rushton has proposed a plan to the parochial and municipal authorities of that great town, by which he hopes to diminish the cost of prosecuting and punishing the young children of the poor, who are brought before him for offences against property, and of rescuing them, at the same time, from the certain destruction, bodily and spiritual, in which they are engulphed by the present system. The magistrates of Liverpool—a town that, notwithstanding all its opulence and charity, teems with poverty, degradation, and vice—presented a petition four years ago, in which they prayed the House of Commons to order an investigation into the whole subject of juvenile crime. In that petition they selected the cases of fourteen children, who had been several times convicted of theft before them, and committed, and re-committed to prison, at a large expense to the community. Not one of those fourteen children could write, and only one of them could read, and that very imperfectly. The first, at the age of eighteen, had been sixteen times committed to prison, and cost the corporation of Liverpool a sum, omitting fractions, of £129; the second, at the age of sixteen, had been convicted twelve times, at a cost of £71; the third, at twelve years of age, had been convicted ten times, and cost £74; the fourth, at twelve years, had been convicted nine times, and cost £71; and the fifth, at twelve years, had been convicted eight times, and cost £47. We need not run through the entire list, which is but a repetition of the same story—repeated convictions, repeated punishments, and repeated returns to their old courses of crime. The youngest of these children, at nine years of age, had cost Liverpool £64. 18*s.* in punishment. The total cost of the fourteen was £889. 1*s.* The petitioners—who were men of station and fortune, rich merchants and rate-payers, exercising the respectable functions of the unpaid magistracy—found, upon investigating the possibility of reforming such offenders as these, that, in the small Reformatory Asylum at Warwick, much good had been effected; that in eight years, from 1833 to 1841, 77 young boys had been admitted, of whom 44 had been converted into useful, honest, and self-supporting members of society; and that the expense of reforming these outcasts had been only one-fourth of the expense attendant upon punishing, without reforming, the young criminals of Liverpool whose cases they cited. Parliament took no particular notice of this important statement. The petition was tossed upon the table, where it lay for the customary time, until it found its way to the limbo of all such documents. It was hoped by the magistrates of Liverpool that Government would so far aid the object which they had in view, as to introduce a bill permitting counties and boroughs to establish reformatory asylums. Nothing, however, was done; the subject dropped, and the evil grew. Wicked fathers and mothers traded as before upon the crimes of their young children, and sent them out into the streets to steal. Thus, a threefold loss, of which it is difficult to say which was the most deplorable, was inflicted upon the community: first, there was the loss of property caused by their depredations; secondly, there was the loss of money expended in their punishment and maintenance in prison; and, third, there was the loss to the commonwealth caused by their incapacity to pursue any honourable calling. Mr. Rushton, who, more than any other magistrate of Liverpool, was cognizant of the whole extent of this evil, despairing either of the active or passive aid of the Government, was led to consider what could be done without it. After earnest study of the whole subject, he penned and published a letter to the Town Council and Select Vestry of Liverpool, in which he recapitulated the painful and convincing evidence placed before the House of Commons, and added some new and equally

flagrant instances of the expensive mischief of the present system of dealing with young criminals. He cited, more especially, the cases of three brothers, the sons of a man who traded upon their offences. The eldest was fourteen, the second was nine, and the third was eight years old, at the time the letter was written. The first had been twenty-four times in custody for theft, the second eight times, and the third six times. The two younger children were small of their age, and their faces were not entirely visible above the dock at which they stood before the magistrate. These children, said Mr. Rushton, "were trained by a vicious father to the work of plunder; he taught them how to steal with dexterity, and he used them as a means of supplying himself with a luxurious existence. Time after time," added the benevolent magistrate, "I have remanded these infants, and after certain periods of delay I have sent them by night to places where they might have a chance of escape from their father, who is destroying them; but the father has discovered them, and having no power to detain the children, his commands have been obeyed, and here is the sad result." Mr. Rushton, feeling that these children were not moral agents, and that they might, under proper management, if the father could be prevented from exercising any authority over them, be trained into useful members of society, proposed to the Town Council and Select Vestry of Liverpool to try what could be done to reform them, and all other children in similar circumstances, who might be brought before him. The existing law is, it appears, sufficient for the purpose, and there only needs the co-operation of a public body to provide the funds. Mr. Rushton, therefore, proposed, as a matter of economy, as well as expediency and philanthropy, that the parish and municipality of Liverpool should appropriate a wing or section of their public school for pauper children at Kirkdale, to the reception of children whose ignorance and evil training make them a burden upon the community. By the provisions of the Act of the 3rd and 4th Victoria, cap. 90, the Lord Chancellor may assign the persons of all children convicted of felony to the custody of any persons who are willing to take charge of them until they are twenty-one years of age. Mr. Rushton, instead of summarily convicting such children as those whose unhappy cases have been cited, proposed to send them for trial before the Borough Recorder and a jury, and after conviction and punishment, to apply to the Lord Chancellor, on behalf of the Select Vestry, for the custody of their persons. They would thus be rescued from the mischievous control of wicked parents and vile associates, and, at a smaller expense than that of repeated prosecutions, be trained to habits of industry and order, and imbued with the principles of morality and religion. The public authorities of Liverpool, after earnest deliberation, finally resolved to try the experiment, and have voted the necessary funds for the purpose, amounting to £1,200 per annum, and an outfit of 500 guineas. The parish and town will not necessarily be burdened with the support of these youths until they arrive at the legal age of self-government. The criminal will, in the first instance, be treated as a criminal until he shall be convinced of his errors and crimes, and will only be admitted to the privileges of industrial and educational training when he shall have qualified himself by a satisfactory probation. Being withdrawn from all evil influences, he will be placed within the sphere of beneficial influences, and the true work of his social elevation will begin. Taught a trade, and made to some extent a participator in the advantages of our civilization, he will be fitted to go out into the busy world of life, with as fair a chance as if he had had a good father instead of a bad one; and will cease, at the usual period when the labour of a properly-trained youth becomes valuable to himself and to society, to be a burden upon any one. Of course, there

will be failures. The children of the virtuous sometimes turn out ill; and it will be strange indeed, if a proportion of such boys as these do not prove incorrigible. But if even half of the cases turn out well, a triumph of humanity will have been achieved, of which Liverpool will have reason to be proud.

We shall look with anxious interest for the result. If that great town prove, by the practical working of this project, that it be cheaper to prevent than to punish crime, it will have been the means of conferring an inestimable boon, not only upon its swarming population of thieves and vagrants, but upon its rate-payers, and upon all great towns where similar misery, demoralisation, and crime exist. At all events, the experiment is a most important one, as regards the two great questions of "Crime" and "Education;" and its progress and result will, there can be no doubt, excite the attention of every statesman and philanthropist, as well as of every one concerned, either in the administration of justice or in the education of the people.—*Illustrated London News.*

Editor's Portfolio.

THE BURNING SHIP AND THE FRUIT-BASKET.

I took a class for one Sunday in F—— Ragged School. Five of the boys were very inattentive, whistling and laughing, and throwing peas at each other; but one lad was deeply interested, heard every word with gladness, and appeared to wish to understand the way to heaven. A month afterwards, S. and I repeated our visit, but I did not remember the well-behaved, attentive boy, until he touched my arm in Fleet Street, after leaving the school, and said, "Oh, Sir, I am the boy you told the story of the Burning Ship to, and I have thought of it ever since; I have no home, no friends, no work, and I live by selling stolen handkerchiefs, but I wish to change my life—I will do anything to get an honest living."

The following is the story I had told him:—"Eleven boys were in a great ship in a storm at sea, and a man rushed into their cabin, calling out, 'The ship is on fire! come up on deck; we shall be drowned or burned unless somebody comes to save us!' Well, nine of the boys laughed at the man; some would not believe him; some said they were comfortable in the cabin, and would go on deck presently; some said they could swim, and could save themselves. The other two boys ran up, and found, indeed, that the ship was burning, and they expected every moment that the gunpowder would take fire, and blow them all to pieces. After many hours waiting, the ship rolling, the sea dashing over them, and the wind howling, a vessel came in sight, and sent a boat. 'Jump into the boat!' said the kind man who came to save them. But the little boat looked so small, and the waves so high, that only *one* boy really believed he could be saved, and trusted himself to the kind boatman. 'Come in, come in,' he said when he felt himself safe, 'there is room for all;' but the others refused, saying they would stay where everybody stayed—they would try and save themselves—and that perhaps the ship would not blow up after all. At last, when the fire reached the powder magazine, it exploded, and all those in the ship were hurled into the air, and those who tried to swim were drowned, while the boy who was saved thanked his kind preserver with all his heart, and loved him all his life, and did everything he could to please him."

Now, you see that the boys who staid in the cabin would not believe that there was danger, just as many people will not believe that unpardoned sinners shall certainly go into hell; and those who tried to save themselves would not trust to the boat, just as many people think they can escape everlasting death by their own works, without having anything to do with Jesus Christ. "But, dear friend," said I to the attentive lad, "remember that you learn four things from the boy who was saved. As he believed there was danger, do *you* believe that hell is prepared for *you*, if you die an unrepented sinner? As he believed the kind man could save him, do you believe that Jesus can save you, and trust your soul to him as the boy did his body to the boat; and then, like the rescued boy, live a life of love, gratitude, and obedience to your preserver; do all you can to save others, and to make them live, and serve Jesus for his merciful kindness?"

* * * * *

After careful inquiry into the character of the lad who listened to the above story, and whose name was P——, my friend S. and I resolved to give him a chance for reformation; so we got him clothes and a basket, and some fruit to sell, and after many prayers for him, and plenty of directions and advice to him, we showed him that he had an opportunity of earning an honest, comfortable livelihood. Now, dear reader, perhaps you think that this is to be another instance of the description we read of often, but see so seldom, where kindness is rewarded by gratitude, and the object of our charity is raised from penury and sin to independence and virtue. No, no; the end of my story is by no means so pleasing; it is the sequel of ingratitude and failure, too well known to all who engage in such works, for our protégée left his lodgings, sold his clothes, basket, and fruit, and immediately sank back into his former wretched state.

But if we derive encouragement from success, is there no lesson to be learned from failure in our endeavours, or from the thoughtless ingratitude of those we try to benefit? Reader, were *you* not in spiritual want and misery when Christ pitied you? Has he not often given you talents, money, and countless opportunities, saying, "Occupy till I come." Have you seconded God's efforts to rescue you from this state, or have you squandered everything on self and sin, and given up time, means, and influence, only to the service of Satan?

The ungrateful P—— had one opportunity of reformation, and he threw it away. How many has God given *you*, and how have you used them? Oh, thank God that our repeated ingratitude has not made him turn away from us! He still commits goods to his unfaithful stewards. J. M.

A WORD IN SEASON.

It will, I suppose, be generally found, that as thoughtful Christians grow older, their sympathy and charity for the young increases. They are more and more aware of the nothingness of earthly things; more and more impressed with the greatness of the things of eternity; and it fills them daily with more anxious and compassionate concern, to look on those who are coming after them. They cast about earnestly how they may do them good, knowing by their own experience where they most need warning, and how hard it is to warn them effectually. This religious anxiety will obviously be deepened, as the objects of it are in more danger. If the times are bad—if many tempters are abroad, seducing spirits and doctrines of devils—if the minds of many are being studiously trained to a false and proud self-dependence, and their hearts to dissipation and self-indulgence of every kind—so much more the wise, watchful, and active, will the aged Christian prove himself, knowing that he hath but a short time to

save (it may be) one of these little ones from perishing. A school does its work (according to St. John) if it make a Christian young man *strong*. There must be a certain life, spirit, and energy, in all that we do for our Master's sake—a fixed resolution not to be overcome by false shame. We must make up our minds, not only to be distinct and unswerving in doctrine; constant, yet considerate in discipline; but also to endure much *disappointment*—to seem to ourselves and others very often as though we were utterly failing, yet to go on; not changing our principles, but calling ourselves to a stricter account for not having acted more entirely up to them. Our Master himself has condescended mysteriously to bear our burden, as in all other respects, so in this grievous one, of seeming disappointment and failure when all has been done for the best. Therefore the teachers and patrons of Christian schools must make up their minds to bear the like sort of disappointment—for the servant is not greater than his Lord. We must not be disheartened, if year after year we look around us, and seem to behold little or no fruit of our labours; nor yet if, as is very likely, we hear ourselves charged, with the impatient spirit of our times, with doing nothing, while all around is in progress. It may be that at that very time the angels in heaven may be rejoicing over some penitent soul, who has been converted and saved by the remembrance of that same despised teaching, and of the discipline that went along with it; and souls in paradise may be thanking God for it—for the zeal and commandments which it taught them, and the Christian fortitude to which it trained them. I need scarcely point out how exactly all this applies to the case of voluntary teachers—young men and young women coming forward in aid of their pastor to work in church schools, for the benefit of their still younger and more helpless brethren. Go on in His name and with his blessing; but lay your account with temptations and difficulties—remember our Lord's promise, given to those who help his children, if it be but to a cup of cold water.—*Rev. John Keble.*

Poetry.

MISSIONS AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

'Tis good to find, while o'er the sea
Old England loves to bear
Tidings of immortality
For suffering nations there;
The vineyard of her native ground,
She strives to keep both safe and sound.

That while, in some far distant glen,
Or valley fresh and fair,
Amidst the haunts of savage men,
She rears the house of prayer;
At home she learns the golden rule—
Builds for the poor the *Ragged School!*

Time was when England left to stray
The wretched round her doors;
While on the heathen far away,
She lavished mercy's stores;
Yet even then, I praised the work
Which bless'd Jew, Infidel, and Turk!

But now she shows her care for those
Who run about her streets,
And ranges in delighted rows
The Ragged ones she meets.
I hail with heart, and soul, and voice,
The plan which bids the world rejoice!

'Tis well—this ought she to have done,
Nor left undone the other;
In search of stranger-blacks to run,
Forgetting our white brother—
Is not the way the smile to win,
Of Him who conquer'd death and sin!

But now, that wondrous smile, I trust,
Where'er her heralds go,
Will soon, amidst the ransom'd just,
Converted millions show;
And guide the tribes of earth to see
The cross and crown of Calvary!

This is the happy, happy time,
When England's ragged youth,
Share, with the sons of many a clime,
The light of Gospel truth;
With scorching India's proud Hindoo,
And Lapland's frozen children too.

My native land, to build go on;
With schools about thee bless'd;
Add to the glories thou hast won,
This, greater than the rest,
That, while thy love abroad is shown,
Thou yet are "mindful of thy own."

J. P.

SCENES IN THE HISTORY OF A RAGGED BOY.—No. IV.—PASSAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

Plans and Progress.

RAGGED SCHOOLS:

Their Management, Arrangements, Classification, and Discipline.

(Continued from page 237.)

Classification.—The first and most natural division of a school is that of the sexes. Some object and others advocate the promiscuous blending of the two. This *may* be practicable and useful (as more resembling the natural order of society) with uncorrupted and young children; but its safety with the ordinary class of adolescent young persons in our schools remains, I believe, yet to be demonstrated by experiment. If possible, let them be in separate rooms, having separate entrances, and under separate superintendence. If there be only one room, the separation may be effected by a partition down the centre, and in such a manner as to permit a view of the whole from the superintendent's desk.

The next division is into classes, according to mental capacity and attainments. The classification on Sunday and Sunday evenings is properly confined to advancement in reading. This division having been once made should be adhered to, each class having its own teacher, and no scholar being allowed to change classes of his own accord. The use of the roll-book will most effectually prevent such delinquencies, and at the same time, as before hinted, remedy that greatest obstacle to classification and to all the objects of the school—the irregularity of attendance.

Besides the ordinary classes, two other divisions are very desirable:—

First, a Preparatory Class.

Second, a Class for Improved Scholars.

The first should consist of all new comers, the object being to train them, if necessary, to habits of order and discipline previous to their removal to the *classes*. They might be instructed simultaneously in the regulations of the school rules, of good behaviour, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. This class should be in a separate room, if possible, near the door; the teacher should be a good disciplinarian. In connection with it should also be an *examiner*, whose duty should be to detect all new scholars as they come in, and direct them into the preparatory class; after which, he should examine such as the teacher may recommend for removal, and draft them off.

The benefits such a class would confer are obvious. 1. It would give an opportunity of ascertaining the suitability of the applicant. And now is the proper time for admitting the *right* class, a duty often neglected. It is, indeed, a *duty* which we owe to the character of the institution, to the public, and to the children themselves. But it is a task requiring a special agency. The names and addresses should be taken, and their eligibility ascertained by further inquiries previous to their full admission. 2. The examination would be more careful than is usual, and would therefore keep the classification unimpaired. 3. It would save all that waste of time and interruption to general order, arising from the bad conduct of new and untrained scholars. 4. Such an ordeal would enhance the scholar's estimate of his new and prospective advantages, and thus induce future regularity and good conduct.

The Class for Senior and Improved Scholars.—We would propose this as a mode of supplying another imperative want of our schools. It seems

necessary to the consistent maintenance of the essential character and very name of Ragged Schools, that means should be provided that those once ragged and ignorant, but now improved (if not in condition) in character and attainments, should be removed to better company and to a higher and more adapted character of instruction.

It has been suggested that they might be drafted off to the neighbouring Sunday Schools, or induced to attend a place of worship. But here two or three obstacles present themselves; first, the children's unwillingness to leave their best friends and the place of their best affections; second, the hazard to their character of removing them so suddenly from a guardianship they have learned to acknowledge and respect, to that of strangers, or to none at all.

We want an intermediate provision, which shall be a stepping-stone from the school to the house of God; such a provision that, while it still retains them to the place of their strongest attachments, shall remove them from immediate contact with the rest of the school, and afford them instruction suited to their age and enlarged capacity, and to the coming future. With this view such a class is now recommended. It should be held in a separate room, (one of the class-rooms,) which should be furnished in accordance with the object of the class. Reference Bibles, a Map of Palestine, of Jerusalem, a Biblical Dictionary, and other helps to their instruction, should be supplied, which would also elevate their thoughts, attract them to the study of the Bible, and enhance their appreciation of the promotion. Their attendance should be regularly marked, their addresses kept, cognizance should be taken of their condition and character out of school, and the date of their leaving, with their destination, should also be recorded. The free use of a library, with other special privileges of instruction, should be open to them. Added to this, meetings should be held annually of all who can attend, who have creditably passed this class, for the purpose of recognising their progressive condition and circumstances, and for stimulating and helping their continued advancement.

What beneficial effects would such a class, well managed, have, not only upon its members, but upon the whole school. Promotion into it might be regarded as one of the highest rewards the school could confer.

The selection of teachers for both these extra classes would be a matter demanding prayerful and thoughtful consideration. *First* impressions and *final*, would be the important reminiscences of the scholars in connection with them.

Discipline.—This is the most indispensable ingredient in the good management of a school, but probably the most difficult of attainment. Of its necessity it is needless that we should say a word; that is felt by all. The question then is, Upon what principles, and in what mode, should discipline be maintained?

The *principles* of our discipline should be conformable to the professed spirit and objects of our work. It is a moral work, and should be accomplished by moral means; it is a labour of love, therefore *kindness* should pervade all its acts of discipline. Besides, instruction and training, and not control, are the ultimate objects of our work. Discipline is but a means to this end. But as obedience and order must *precede* the attainment of that instruction, so we think that the *desire* for instruction should precede and constitute the chief motive to obedience and order. Our remarks still refer to the voluntary department of our schools, which are attended by a class above the age of childhood; who, therefore, may be dealt with as reasonable beings. Seek, then, first to make them appreciate the blessings of instruction, the advantages offered by the school, to con-

vince them how necessary to their individual progress, and to the success and happiness of the school at large, good discipline is. Tell them, also, that the *essential* condition of their being recipients of these advantages will be their obedience and good order; and finally, firmly, but kindly, with even-handed justice, combined with discrimination, ENFORCE this rule, and we are assured the result will fully justify the course. Deprivation of a portion or the whole of the benefits of the school, will be a severer, more effective, as well as more legitimate and moral punishment, than any other we know. Let harshness, therefore, and corporal punishment, coerciveness and physical force, (except when needed for the forcible expulsion of any scholar,) be entirely discarded.

BREWHOUSE LANE RAGGED SCHOOL, POPLAR.

THIS School owes its formation to the zealous exertions of Mr. Gray, the missionary of the London City Mission for the Wapping district. In his Sunday afternoon visitations, he observed with pain large numbers of youths wasting their time in games, lounging, smoking, etc. He named the subject to a gentleman in the district, who undertook to bear the expense, if so desirable an object as the establishment of a Ragged School could be accomplished. A room was accordingly hired for the purpose in one of the most densely populated parts of Wapping, the lanes and alleys were visited, and the boys solicited to attend. Only sixteen came the first Sunday evening, on which occasion he was assisted by two voluntary teachers. The following Sunday the number was increased to forty-five, and consisted of sailors, costermongers, and more especially *mudlarks*. Scenes that defy description ensued on that and each successive Sunday evening. The hymns were interrupted by obscene songs, sung in derisive tones, and shrill whistlings rendered the prayer inaudible; candles were blown out; table, chairs, forms, hats, caps, and various heavy missiles were thrown about in the dark, from one end of the room to another. The teachers were discouraged, being often pelted with mud and stones on their leaving the room, and attended no more. The missionary was now left alone! For eight months he persevered in a room capable of holding about forty boys, and it was always filled to excess, but by an assemblage which, for foulness of language, could not be equalled even in the darkest parts of London. But he determined to persevere still, believing that his Master would bless the work eventually. A gentleman offered the use of the present room, which will hold about seventy boys. It was opened for the first time on a week-day evening in July, 1849, and has been used twice a week to the present time for boys, and twice a week also for girls. The Sunday evening effort was so much opposed, and as few teachers could be found, those who did volunteer their services were ultimately compelled, with reluctance, to retire from the contest. Until more help can be obtained, the experiment will not be repeated. The teachers of the Week Evening School are encouraged on the whole by the result of their efforts during the first year. Five boys have been placed in respectable situations, and are behaving well. One, Patrick Maloney, emigrated to Adelaide, under the auspices of the Emigration Committee, a friend providing his outfit. The Girls' School is of recent formation, and is encouraging so far as it has gone. Both in the Boys' and Girls' Schools, voluntary teachers are wanted; and it is hoped, that if this statement meets the eye of any inhabitant of this much neglected district, he or she may be induced to come forward, and aid, by personal exertion, in teaching their ignorant and depraved fellow-creatures. Let them remember how freely "they have received;" how freely God gave his Son for them; let them then "freely give;" come and impart the knowledge of that God and Saviour to those who know Him scarcely even in name, and that only to take it in vain, not knowing what they do. Those already at work are determined to work on, knowing they are working with their heavenly Father's blessing, and simply believing that He will certainly give to their efforts at some future day, if not immediately, a large amount of prosperity.

Literary Notices.

A Little Book for Our Poor Little People: A Kindly Remembrance of the Children of those whom we have always with us. 18mo. pp. 64. London: Hatchard & Son.

In the small town of Oswestry, on the borders of Wales, there stands a plain substantial building, which was erected some fifty years ago by the union of a dozen adjacent parishes, for the relief and employment of the poor, and is called "The House of Industry."

Amongst its other inmates, there are always many poor children on their sad progress from the nursery of a workhouse to the stern scenes of toil and sorrow that await them in life. What plagues to themselves and what pests to society such pauper-bred children have proved, we need not pause to describe. Suffice it to say, that in that town there dwells a Christian gentleman, who, possessing all the sympathies which a humane and gentle nature, a cultivated and elegant mind, and a soul influenced by love to Christ can excite, resolved, some twelve years ago, to devote the afternoon of the Lord's day to the moral and religious instruction of "the poor little people," who, in mournful succession, pass through that establishment to the duties of time, or to the solemnities of eternity. It is not possible to compute the worth of his instructions; but that they are of no common kind is evinced by the love which the poor children manifest towards him, and by the confidence which his fellow townsmen, of all creeds and parties, have in his catholic, faithful, and affectionate labours.

Two or three years ago, the nurse of these "little people" asked him for some books to amuse the children during the week, when it occurred to him that he might himself compose some "Rhymes" adapted to their peculiar circumstances, which would therefore be more acceptable to them, especially as written by their own teacher.

This "*Little Book for our Poor Little People*" is the result. It consists of fifty pieces, which, in our judgment, are better adapted for the parties contemplated than any we have seen for a long time.

Mr. Charles Sabine, for that is the author's name, has considered the condition of poor children of both sexes, and of various callings; and has not only penned "Rhymes" on the Ragged School Boy, the Farmer's Boy, the Gardener's Boy, the Shepherd Boy, the Young Wagoner, the Donkey-cart Boy, the Handy Lad, the Shop Boy, the Young Blacksmith, the Little Quarryman, the Little Fisherman, the Lazy Lad, the Young Shoemaker, and the Little Collier, but also on the Labourer's Daughter, the Little Housemaid, the Little Nurse, the Little Kitchen Maid, the Little Dairy Maid, the Little Sewing Girl, the Little Maid of all Work, the Little Washerwoman, the Water-cress Girl, the Mushroom Girls, the Little Flower Girl, the Blind Girl, and the Slattern. Besides these, there are several of a more religious and spiritual nature, full of right principles and humane and Christian feeling, all written in that racy, idiomatic English, which our common people love. We must justify our commendations by a specimen or two.

The following contains lessons which much need to be impressed upon the children of toil:—

THE HANDY LAD.

"If I find a kind master, I do not much care
What calling I follow, if here or if there;
Whether in-doors or out-doors, in country or town,
If my master but smile, at no work will I frown.

"I'll try to be dutiful, faithful, and true,
Whether making a coat or repairing a shoe;
If wheeling a barrow I'll wheel it along,
As merrily O! as if humming a song.

"I'll whistle away as I curry my nag;
Nor complain if sometimes at late work I may fag,
Though but for my lantern it all should be dark;
Nor grumble if called to be up with the lark.

"If sent on an errand I'd go like a hare,
And be back ere my master had thought I was there:
Be ready and waiting for something to do,
Help the gardener to weed or the butler to brew.

"I'll carry my load with an air and a grace,
With a spring in my foot and a smile on my face;
If sawing a plank I will saw it with glee;
Let drones play or idle, I'll work like a bee.

"My master shall see that I look for reward
Not only from him, but from Jesus my Lord;
And when here on earth all my service is done,
May Jesus, my Master, proclaim me his own."

The following piece, for eminent simplicity and true poetical and religious feeling, will bear comparison with Miss Jane Taylor's happiest compositions:—

THE COTTAGE WINDOW PLANT.

"'Mother, I turned it yesterday,
And see! it's moving round again;
The naughty thing will have its way,
And minding nothing I can say,
Peeps through the window pane.

"'It will keep turning to the light,
Buds, flowers, and leaves, and all;
It has no sense, I'm sure, nor sight,
Yet seems as if it reasoned quite,
Or heard its sister call.

"'I want to make it bend this way,
And watch me at my book;
But if I read, or work, or play,
If I am sad, or if I'm gay,
I cannot get a look.'

"'My Annie dear, it seeks the source
Of heat, and life, and light;
Its motions you can never force,
No hand can turn it from its course,—
Be sure it moves aright.

"'It has a word for thee, my love,
Though mute, a voice Divine;
It bids thee turn to One above,
In whom we live, and breathe, and move;
Thy mother's God and thine.'"

Our readers will not be surprised that this little book has reached a third edition, and we trust that its success will induce its accomplished Author to make further efforts on behalf of our poorer people, who greatly need "Rhymes" and ballads that are fraught with patriotic and Christian sentiments, in easy, popular verse.

Youthful Christianity. By the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN. London: Benjamin L. Green, Paternoster Row.

Few men have done more in their day for the promotion of genuine piety among the young, than the Author of this interesting volume. No youth can read it carefully without having new ideas and new impressions, and being wiser and better from the perusal. The name of the Author is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence, and the name of the Publisher for its execution.

The Tabernacle and its Furniture. By Dr. KITTO, with Illustrations by W. DICKES. B. L. Green, Paternoster Row.

We cannot well understand how so exquisite a production can be got up and sold at such a price. To every purchaser we promise, not only an unusually cheap article, but a most invaluable and interesting help to the study of the Sacred Scriptures.

The Scarlet Line; or, Salvation by Christ traced through Dr. Watts's Hymns for Children. By the Author of "Search and Look," etc. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

This little catechism will be found of great service in schools where Dr. Watts's Hymns are used. The Author's object is to simplify some of those difficult terms and expressions which sometimes occur in them, and unfold more fully the great truth of salvation by Christ. Parents and teachers who will assist their children in the careful study of it, will in the end find them wiser, and better able to "sing with the understanding and the heart."

Catechisms of Useful Knowledge, adapted for the School-room and Nursery. By EDWARD AND EMMA MATTHEWS. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

A series of little catechisms, calculated to be extremely useful. Judging from the specimen we have seen, we can recommend them with the greatest confidence. Their cheapness renders them suitable for public schools, and their general excellency entitles the Authors to a liberal share of public patronage.

Hamilton's Temperance Music Book. London: Simpkin & Co.

A hundred and sixteen tunes, with nearly as many hymns, well printed, well selected, and *exceedingly cheap.*

Intelligence.

CROYDON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE endeavour to obtain suitable premises has been attended with much difficulty; but a cottage and ground are now secured on lease, and the Committee are on the point of preparing to extend their operations by building a school-room. The schools have been hitherto conducted on a limited scale. They were opened for boys, November 21st, 1849, and for girls, February 12th, 1850. The former are taught on Wednesday

and Friday evenings, and on the Sunday afternoon; the latter on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The instruction consists principally of reading, writing, and arithmetic, particular attention being paid to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. Since the opening of the schools, 59 boys and 27 girls have been admitted, making a total of 86. Of these, 26 have left from various causes; 7 in order to attend day-schools. There are at present on the school-books 43 boys and 17 girls; total 60. The greatest number present at any one time has been 31 boys and 15 girls; total 46. The attendance has usually been about two-thirds of the number on the books. During the summer months the number has been smaller, and the attendance more uncertain, owing to many of the youths having regular, and others occasional employment. Some who have been admitted had previously received school education to a limited extent, and could not be properly termed "Ragged Children;" but none have obtained admission without giving satisfactory reasons for not attending a day-school, and some proof that they needed the privileges which the Ragged Schools afford. The majority are of the class for whom these schools were specially instituted. About 40 could neither read nor write at the time of their admission, and many knew scarcely anything of the alphabet. The great interest which the scholars take in the school will be shown by the following brief illustrations:—

On one occasion, three who were attending the school entreated that two other poor ragged children might be admitted, saying, "Please, Sir, may these boys come to school? They have lost their mother." Another boy, stating the cause of his non-attendance at a day-school, and his reason for desiring to be admitted into this school, said, "There are so many of us, and I go to work to help to get a living. I get my victuals and a few halfpence." One boy, who had a barrow loaded with hearth-stones, on seeing one of the teachers, immediately put down his barrow and said, "Please, Sir, when is the school going to be made larger?"

It can scarcely be expected that in so short a period any decidedly beneficial results should have become apparent, but a few incidents of hopeful import may be recorded.

One evening a youth remained by the school-room door until the others were gone, and then returned to ask the loan of a Testament, that he might read again at home the chapter which he had just been reading in his class. His desire was complied with, and a piece of paper placed at the passage referred to. When he returned the Testament, he expressed his regret that it had become rather dirty, as he had lent it to his sister; and he then subscribed three farthings towards the purchase of a Testament for himself. This incident is the more encouraging, as it has induced other youths to subscribe for four Bibles and eleven Testaments.

A poor boy, about eleven years old, who did not know the alphabet when admitted into the school, attended for some time very regularly, and was much pleased with the prospect of learning and the manifest progress which he made. He was afterwards for some months prevented by sickness from attending; and from affection of one leg, it seemed very probable that he would become a cripple for life. At times, he was somewhat better, and then, by the help of his crutches, he occasionally came to the school, and was carried up and down the stairs by the teachers. His health is now almost restored, and he still regularly attends at the school.

A youth, about seventeen years of age, brought up in the town, has been admitted, who had never been at any school, and could neither read nor write. After his admission, he attended thirty times without being once absent or late, and his regularity and general conduct continue to be very exemplary. He is now beginning to write and cypher creditably, and can read in the Testament.

DERBY RAGGED SCHOOL.

At the commencement of the year 1849, an effort was made by some benevolent individuals to collect and instruct the destitute children who were wandering about the streets uncared for and untaught. On the 28th of June, a Public Meeting was held in the Athenæum, when it was resolved that an Association should be formed for the purpose of commencing and maintaining Ragged Schools in Derby. Suitable premises were soon after engaged, and the work was carried forward on an enlarged scale. It was natural to expect that in com-

mencing an undertaking of so novel a character, many difficulties would have to be encountered, especially in finding a suitable master and mistress. This obstacle has been removed, and the school is now under the superintendence of a master and mistress, who are well qualified by their zeal, love, and tact, to fill the difficult post to which they have been appointed. The order and discipline maintained in the school are now admirable; the children are very happy, and make satisfactory progress in the elements of a plain, useful, and religious education. The room is capable of holding about seventy children, and the attendance has varied with the seasons, being low in summer, whilst in winter the room is filled. The average attendance is now fifty, of which number about thirty are daily supplied with a plain, wholesome meal, as a reward for good conduct during the preceding week. The total number of children admitted into the school since its formation has been one hundred and thirty, and there are now seventy-six on the books. Care is taken to admit only the proper class of children, to the exclusion of those attending other schools, or whose parents are able to pay for them. Sunday and Night Schools have also been opened, but, owing to the want of a sufficient number of regular teachers, they are not in that state of efficiency which could be desired; and it is earnestly hoped that a staff of efficient teachers may be soon enlisted, who will devote themselves to this important branch of the work with earnestness and regularity.

JUVENILE EXCURSION TO MONTROSE.—HOUSE OF REFUGE, AND RAGGED SCHOOL, DUNDEE.

THE pupils belonging to these two institutions, under the care of their teachers, got a "hurl" as far as Montrose and back, on the Scottish Midland and Aberdeen Railway. To those who experience pleasure at the sight of a number of happy faces, the spectacle presented when the boys and girls took their seats, and the carriages began to move, would have given great delight. It is now well nigh thirty years since we set out on our first jaunt, but nevertheless we have the most vivid recollection of the ecstacy we experienced on that momentous occasion. For days before we eyed the distant hills towards which we were to wend our way; and when at last the eventful day arrived, and the carriage drove up at the door, nothing less than the box would satisfy our ambition, from which exalted height we might, unimpeded, behold "the view." This delightful reminiscence of our earlier years was brought vividly before us as we looked upon the excited group, and heard them exclaim, "See how the hooses are rinning"—"Look at the stooks playing at tig." Everything was new to them: the motion of the carriage—the rapid change of scene—the stopping of the train at the various stations—the horses or sheep scampering away through the fields as the carriages rushed past: and in consequence of this novelty, everything imparted pleasure It was worth while giving them a jaunt. Old stagers can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and see nothing but barrenness, but a ride on the railway, and a walk on the sea-shore, afford to a boy or girl the keenest enjoyment. One thing only was wanting to complete their happiness, there was no "buckies" to be found, and great was the lamentation because of the lack. The quiet and orderly appearance of our juvenile excursionists, as they paraded the streets, caused quite a sensation in the good town of Montrose. When the British army landed in Portugal, one of the natives exclaimed, on beholding their uniform, "All one mother's children;" and in like manner it was said in Montrose, when the tartan frocks and gingham bonnets made their appearance, "Look at the lassies—a' ae kind o' frocks, and a' ae kind o' bonnets." Their dinner consisted of bread and beer, milk not being to be had. Their table was the sands of the Links, and their covering the cope of heaven. A ride of sixty-five miles, and a saunter by the sea-shore, had an excellent effect in making them "yap;" and this plain fare was eaten in the midst of a crowd of people, with the best of all sauces. The beer, however, was not relished, it being the opinion of many that it was made of "saut water." The Directors of the Midland Railway deserve thanks for their kindness in giving the boys and girls this pleasant excursion for so small a sum as thirty shillings; and the friends who contributed the needful funds, will be gratified to hear that their liberality was the cause of a very great amount of innocent pleasure.—*Dundee Warder.*